

The RALLY

A Scouting Magazine for the American Girl

Volume II, Number 7

APRIL, 1919

TEN CENTS A COPY
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR



This Girl Scout painting, by Wm. J. Whittemore, was displayed in New York City on behalf of the Fourth Liberty Loan.

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Be a Garden Scout

Plant a Peace Garden.
See it Grow!

And don't forget to tell your garden troubles—and your funny garden experiences, too—to THE RALLY.

June will be our big *Garden Number* with news of scout gardens from coast to coast. Be sure you send in the story of *your* garden—last year's garden if this one is too young and tender to be mentioned. See the appeal in The Scout Scrap Book, page 6.

Just let us remind you once more that the May RALLY is going to be a regular bulletin board for scout camps.

Are you going camping?

Do you want to go camping?

In either case you will find some valuable suggestions in the May RALLY. Don't miss it.

\$1.00 for One Year--
Sample Copy, 12 cents

HELPING THE NATION

The Girl Scout's Position in the Victory Loan

WHILE there will, of course, be some disappointment over the decision from National Headquarters, which discourages girls from selling Victory bonds in public places, as *Scouts*, we feel that once the matter is explained to them, all scouts will realize how wise and necessary the decision was.

In a small, country town or suburb, where most people know each other and all grown people take a certain responsibility for the young people, there is very little objection to young girls asking business men and citizens to buy bonds for Uncle Sam.

But in our large cities there are no "neighbors" in the old fashioned sense of the word, and many strangers. There are many foreigners, also, who do not understand being addressed by young girls on the public streets and very often become rude and familiar.

Beside this, many girls get easily excited, and say and do things they would never do and say if they were on their own private business. Many of our scouts' mothers and fathers have long disapproved of this form of girls' service, and think, with us, that there are better and more enduring ways for girls to help their country.

It must be remembered, too, that it is not for work of this kind that the scouts are becoming famous all over the country. Though we took great pleasure in conferring their well-earned merit badges on the girls who sold so many bonds, we should hardly have grown into the great organization we are today if we had not badges for quite another class of achievements. Let us take the oldest and greatest of women's tasks as an example:

In 1811, there was born a little New England girl, who would, very early in life, have become a First Class Scout, if she had had the opportunity. Her name was Harriet Beecher, and as Harriet Beecher Stowe she made that name famous all over the world for the book by which the world knows her, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

One of a family sometimes as large as thirteen she lost her mother at the age of eight, and became early in life the little mother so many girls have had to be. In those good old

New England families there was much hospitality: great Thanksgivings, cake bakings, sewing bees, quilting parties, corn huskings. Harriet was the seventh child and when there are seven children, there is always a full mending basket!

In those days little mothers of families could not telephone for trained specialists to help them out in emergencies: there were neither telephones nor specialists! But there were always emergencies, and Harriet Beecher had to know what to put on a black and blue spot, and why the jelly failed to "jell," and how to hang a skirt and bake a cake

and iron a table cloth. She had to entertain family guests and darn the family stockings. Her home had every comfort and convenience, as people counted those things then, but without a brisk, clever woman, full of what the New Englanders called "faculty," her large and growing family would have been a very unhappy one. With all our modern inventions, nobody has yet invented a substitute for a good, all-round woman, in a family, and until somebody can invent one, we must continue to take off our hats to girls like Harriet Beecher. Imagine what her feelings would have been if someone had told her that she had earned half a dozen merit badges by her knowledge of home economics and her clever writing!

And let every Scout who finds housework dull, and feels that she is capable of bigger things, remember this: the woman writer, whose book is more widely known than any book ever written in America, tells us that she wrote parts of it while "stirring the mush for supper."

To direct her household has always been a woman's job in every century, and girls were learning to do it before Columbus ever discovered this great country. To be sure, they had no such way of working at it together, as the Scouts have, nor did they have the opportunity the girl of today has to learn all about these things in a scientific, business-like way in order to get it all done with the quickest most efficient methods, just as any clever business man manages his business.

We no longer believe that housekeeping should take up all of a woman's time; and many an older woman envies the little badges on a Scout's sleeve that shows the world she has learned how to manage her cleaning and cooking and household routine so that she has plenty of time to spend on other things that interest her.

That is really the great point about the Home Working badges: not only do Scouts manage these things better, but they manage them more easily, more quickly and more cheaply. And as long as women are responsible for these things, the woman who carries them off with the greatest ease and success is going to make the greatest success of the rest of her life.

VICTORY LOAN ANNOUNCEMENT.

At the last meeting of the National Executive Board it was unanimously voted that the Girl Scouts should not sell Liberty Bonds to strangers, or in public places, or directly assist in such sales during the next campaign.

This does not mean that no girl who is a scout may do this, but it means that she may not do it officially, as a Girl Scout. For this reason the Government medal will not be given in this connection.

Any indirect assistance the Girl Scouts may give the various women's committees in this campaign, such as messenger service, etc., does not come under this ruling, and may be decided by the local authorities.

This decision has been reached after a careful consideration of the attitude of the Treasury Officials in this matter, and because the dangers and disadvantages of employing the Girl Scouts as Bond Sellers are regarded by the National Board as greater, on the whole, than the results of the fine total they obtained in previous Loans, gratifying as these were.

This notice has already appeared, in the March RALLY. It is repeated here for benefit of those who may not have seen it the first time.

The RALLY

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A THANK YOU FROM ITALY

In the October RALLY there was published an appeal from Mrs. Springer for muslin toys for the children of Italy. The response from Girl Scouts was immediate, and generous. Boxes of lovely cloth rabbits, babies, clowns, cats, dogs and ducks came pouring in to THE RALLY office. Early in November a large package was started on its way to the Italian children. This letter in acknowledgment has just come from Mrs. Springer. All of you, we are sure, whether or not you shared in the sending of the toys will be glad to know of the happiness they brought to little Italian hearts.

EDITOR.

Roma,
January 21, 1919.

Dear Girl Scouts:

How can I thank you for the splendid box of muslin toys that you sent for our children's Christmas! The mails are so slow these days that it didn't reach us in time for the holiday itself,—but the pleasure the toys give is as great one day as another. I have sent the small sizes

The RALLY

to a sad little day nursery here in Rome, so poor that until the American Red Cross came along to help it, it had no cribs for its little babies and no chairs for its big babies. At nap time they were all curled up on the floor together, so that the visitor truly had to "watch his step." I do not think even the babies themselves enjoy the toys very much more than do the nice white-coifed Sisters who care for them. They had never seen anything like these toys, and they were in raptures over them. "How wonderful is your America!" they exclaimed, with which sentiment I entirely agreed.

A few of the small toys went to Captain Perret, in Naples, for the twenty-five children that the American Red Cross cares for in the beautiful Villa Dini hospital. Captain Perret is by profession a volcanologist. He knows more about the world's volcanoes and their humors than probably any other living scientist. Vesuvius is as tame to him as a kitten purring on a hearth rug. But whatever he may be professionally, he is temperamentally a lover of children. They turn to him like flowers to the sun. The school he organized in Naples for the refugee children, and this hospital ward of which he has the supervision, are among the most satisfactory things the American Red Cross has done. Captain Perret believes in play for children, so he welcomed your gift with the greatest delight.

The rest of the toys went to Torre di Mosto, a little town far inside the old Austrian lines that had suffered all the rigors of war, and of a bitter year of enemy occupation, and had been stricken besides with malaria and influenza and hunger. The social worker we placed there wrote at the end of her first week "I am troubled about the children. I know they are no longer hungry, but they are more dead than alive. They never laugh, and of course they do not know how to play. Perhaps some toys would help."

A few balls were all we could send, but her next letter said "The balls are a great success. Yesterday we heard children's laughter for the first time. Please send more toys." Can you imagine her delight when she receives the package sent through your generosity? I am awaiting her next letter with great interest.

Thank you again for your gift, for the quick and generous response to my little appeal. It is a demonstration of the qualities that make our wonderful country so wonderful!

Sincerely yours,
GERTRUDE HILL SPRINGER.

OUR VICTORY HONOR ROLL

Every day, now, National Headquarters is receiving reports from Troops that have paid up their Victory Girl Pledges. These reports are most inspiring; scouts everywhere have been eager to do their share in contributing to the comfort of the soldiers.

The following is a list of the 100 per cent. Victory Troops, taken from reports received through March 12th. A 100 per cent. Victory Troop is one in which every scout has pledged to the Fund and paid her pledge in full! A pretty fine record, isn't it! The honors do not seem to be confined to any one section of the country, either.

100 PER CENT. VICTORY TROOPS.

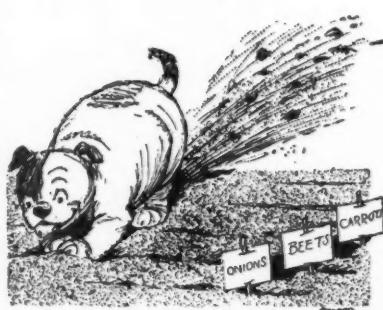
Troop 1, Griffin, Ga.; Troop 3, Carrollton, Ill.; Troop 1, Hammond, Indiana; Troop 4, New Orleans, La.; Oak Troop, Wicasset, Maine; Troop 1, Boston, Mass.; Troop 1, Memphis, Mich.; Troop 1, Pershing Mo.; Troop 6, Astoria, N. Y.; Troop 23, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Troops 23, 14 and 8, Buffalo, N. Y. (Isn't that splendid?)

Troop 1, Greenport, N. Y.; Troop 23, New York City; Troop 1, Ossining, N. Y.; Troop 1, Schenectady, N. Y.; Troop 1, Lidgerwood, N. D.; Red Clover Troop, Alexandria, Pa.; Troop 8, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Troop 3 and 5, Richmond, Va.

TROOPS WITH HIGH STANDING.

Other troops that stand high are: Troop 1, Berwyn, Ill.; Birch Troop, Bridgewater, Mass.; Red Rose Troop, Winona, Miss.; Troop 9, New York City; Troop 1, Riverhead, N. Y.; Troop 1, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.; Daisy Troop, Auburn, Pa.; Troop 3, Portsmouth, Va.

The Scouts of Perrysburg, N. Y., gave a play and raised \$25.00, all of which they turned over to the United War Fund.



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Pup: I'll just examine these seeds the boss planted yesterday. He'll be glad to see me so interested.

A SCOUT FROLIC

These Minneapolis Scouts Earned Honors--and a Party--by Picking Oakum for the Red Cross.

FROM June, 1917, to December, 1918, the picking of oakum for the Red Cross formed the chief war work of Minneapolis Girl Scouts. At first it was only done by groups of twenty or thirty girls every Saturday. In December, 1917, when the Red Cross asked for a requisition of oakum for 300 pads, to be ready in eight weeks, all of the scouts over twelve years old were called out, and enough oakum for 460 pads was picked in the required time. In February, 1918, a room was given by Wells Memorial Settlement House to be used as a Girl Scout Red Cross Station. A Captain, Miss Ericsson, acted as inspector and the work of making up the pads, as well as picking was done under her direction. There was an average attendance of eighty girls every Saturday, every girl being required to come once a month.

The Station, closed during October and part of November, on account of influenza, re-opened soon after the armistice to finish the allotment of work, and finally closed with a record of 2,500 pads in a year to the scouts' credit. Girls who had won badges for especially good work during the emergency kept them by giving two days a week to the work. Another group, known as the "W.O.P.'s" or "Weekly Oakum Pickers" gave extra service during the summer.

TROOP 5, TAKOMA PARK

Washington, D. C.

We have been holding the business parts of our meetings at our Captain's home and for games, drills, etc., permission has been given us to use the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. of the Walter Reed Hospital, which is across the street.

We have a nice soldier, Robert Guice, to drill us, who also helps us with basketball. We found one of our meeting days fell on his birthday, so Tekla Van Norman, one of our Troop, made him a cake, frosted with his name and cherries on it. Several other girls made him candy and the rest made candy for the Y. M. C. A. to give to the boys who come in to read and write. Private



Picturesque costumes from the Minneapolis scouts' party.

"Badgers" and "Wops" celebrated the conclusion of their work at a costume party, given in March at the Women's Club. The stage was used to portray some incidents in the life of an oakum picker. The picture shows part of the Scout Mother Goose, with troop flowers, Daisy, Nasturtium, Narcissus, Buttercup and Sweet Pea from Mistress Mary's garden, Alice whose adventures took her to camp, a uniform designed by the girls to meet every change of the Minnesota climate, and two of the prize-winning costumes, Norwegian and Dutch.

Three girls in uniform celebrated Peace in the following song, to the tune of "John Brown's Body":
 "We've said farewell to oakum, and its long, long lingering smell,
 It helped to make the Kaiser sick and make our soldiers well,
 There's no more need of bandages, and no more socks to knit—
 (Last line spoken)

Guice seemed very much pleased and thanked us profusely.

We noticed that the "Hut" needed a clock for the reading room and to show our appreciation of the privilege granted us, we decided to present them with a clock. Each of the girls contributed to the fund and with the help of our friends, in five days we raised \$26.00. Wasn't that fine? We have planned to buy the "Hut" a Mahogany clock, a pair of brass candle sticks and a pair of blue candles to match the blue of the room decorations.

We have a program committee of which I am a member. We are planning to have a social meeting soon, to show our mothers what we have been doing.

JUNE ZIMMERMAN, Lieutenant.

But—has your little French girl got some nice warm clothes that fit?

"No more we'll give up candy, and from sodas turn away,
 Good-bye to every Heatless, Wheatless, Meatless, Sweetless day,
 I've got a piece of chocolate—my dog has got a bone—

But—we're saving up our pennies for the coming Victory Loan!

The last verse was sung by a very small girl with a dog, who paused after the second line while three girls dressed as Substitutes passed across the stage, and the scouts, to the air of Tosti's "Good-bye," sang:
 "Good-bye Oleo,
 Cornmeal, Good-bye—
 Good-bye Karo, good-bye—good-bye."

There was no real regret in these farewells, however, and the un-war-time refreshments which followed the play were given a cordial welcome by the scouts and their leaders.

NURSERY JINGLE

Jack and Jill
 Went up the hill
 They carried their oats and wheat;
 They ground it fast
 And so at last
 The people in Europe did eat.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 No sugar sweet,
 No goodies to eat
 But Thrift Stamps all in a row.

*By Eileen Redrow,
 (Troop 25, Thistle),
 Washington, D. C.*

The regular Washington Department appears on pages 8 and 9.

An Exciting Story of Spanish-American War Days

OUT WITH THE TIDE

By *Albert Bigelow Paine*

CHAPTER III.

THE WAYS OF WAR.

AS CAPTAIN CARLETTA followed his officers up the gangway Elsie turned to her cousin. Her face had grown rather white.

"I am afraid," she said, simply. "There will be a battle and men will be shot and killed. Oh, Charlie, I can never stand it," and the little girl put her hands over her eyes.

"We must, Elsie. Don't let them see that we are afraid. Perhaps it's one of our own warships. If it is, they will capture this old boat and set us free. That is, "he added to himself, "if they don't sink us the first shot."

Elsie brightened at the prospects of it being an American warship.

"Let's go on deck and see," she said, taking Charlie's hand.

Grief preceded them up the gangway and began to bark furiously at the bustle and excitement on deck. Men were hurrying in every direction, some at one thing and some at another. A number were grouped about the gun forward, evidently making it ready for immediate use. The captain stood on the lookout forward, looking away to the southeast through a large glass. The cousins followed the direction with their eyes and made out a white sail well down on the horizon. After watching for some time the boy decided that it was a four-masted schooner-rigged vessel, but he could not be sure. Presently the captain came down and joined his prisoners. He seemed in a very good humor.

"If it is that it shall prove to be one of your countrymen," he began in his precise manner, "it shall possess us of a very good prize. It is running to port, but we shall of a certainty overtake it. Our vessel is of great swiftness."

The boy, with his gaze steadily on the distant ship, did not reply. He wondered if the Ovideo had been seen and recognized as being in pursuit. He noticed with a sinking heart that what Captain Carletto had said about the steamer's speed was true. She seemed to fairly cleave the water, and the distance between the two vessels was lessening as by magic. The schooner, for such she now proved to be, was soon well up on the horizon, and it did

not seem to Charlie that she was making an effort to escape. Perhaps she had been on a long voyage and did not know that war had begun. As they drew nearer she seemed to be moving along serenely in the pleasant sunshine without a thought of danger. Any hope of rescue that may have been in the boy's mind was dispelled. The helpless schooner would fall an easy prey to the armed Spaniard. They would presently be within gunshot, and then, if she did not heave to, the gun forward would send death and destruction into her defenceless hull.

Even as Charlie reflected Captain Carletto gave an order in Spanish

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.

Seventeen-year-old Charlie Blake, studying to become a doctor, finds his first patient in a little dog whose hind leg has been crushed. A successful operation is performed by Charlie and his cousin Elsie, and, finally, with a new wooden leg, the little animal is as happy as ever, in spite of the name of Grief, bestowed on him by the cousins.

The Spanish-American war is just breaking out. Charlie's father, Dr. Blake, has decided to enlist on one of the hospital ships. In spite of his pleading Charlie is not allowed to accompany his father. Instead, he is to go West with his mother and Elsie. On the last evening before leaving, he and Elsie go for a sail in Charlie's sailboat. Far from shore they realize the approach of a storm and hasten to turn back. Suddenly—snap! The rudder breaks! The little boat swings about and heads out to sea. Helpless, Charlie, Elsie and Grief speed into the darkening ocean ahead of them!

All night the rudderless little boat tossed on the waves. Elsie slept while Charlie kept watch. Morning brought sunlight—and a sail! The cousins rejoiced, and then discovered that their rescuer was a Spanish privateer. Elsie, Charlie and Grief were well treated by their Spanish captors, however, especially when the latter discovered Charlie's knowledge of medicine. Charlie was appointed Ship Surgeon with Elsie as Nurse.

"A Sail!" cried one of the men, and all hurried on to the deck.

and a moment later the deck beneath their feet shook with a crashing roar so terrible that the boy jumped in spite of himself and Elsie seized his arm with a loud scream. As for Grief, he evidently believed himself shot, for he tumbled over backward and lay howling and pawing the air with three feet, while his wooden leg stood straight up in a most ridiculous manner.

To the sailors this seemed very funny, and one of them ran towards him shuffling his feet heavily along the deck. At this Grief, suddenly concluded that he was still alive, and whirling to his feet disappeared down the gangway, half falling and half running to the great delight of the crew.

But Charlie did not laugh. With his arm about Elsie he watched the shot as it struck the water well toward the schooner and somewhat in advance of it. The men at the gun were preparing to fire another shot and the boy started to take Elsie below. But as he reached the gangway he heard an exclamation of disgust from Captain Carletto, and turning quickly saw that the pursued vessel was hoisting its flag. His heart gave a bound of pleasure. It was the banner of England that fluttered to the breeze.

"Oh," he whispered to Elsie, "there'll be no bloodshed this time. It is an English schooner and they daren't touch her. I thought it was queer she didn't try to get away."

Elsie did not understand at first, but when she did she said eagerly: "Oh, can't they take us off of here so we can go home?"

Charlie looked grave.

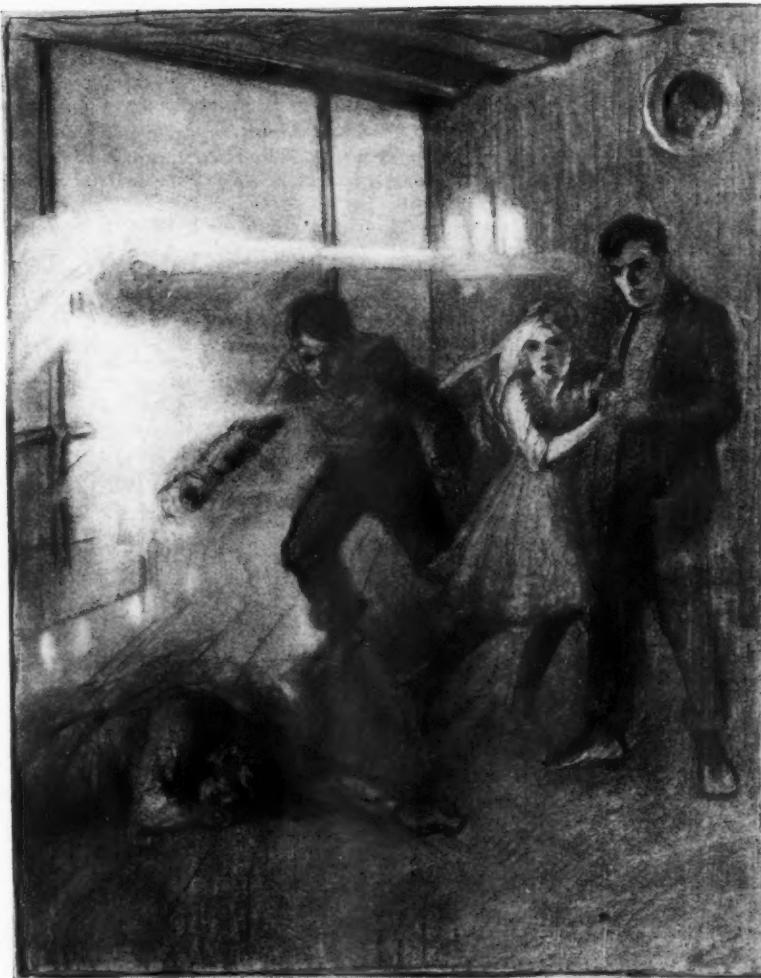
"I am afraid we are prisoners of war, Elsie, and Captain Carletto may not want to give us up. But I will ask him to let you go—perhaps he will do that."

"No, no! not without you. I won't leave you here alone with these horrid Spaniards."

The captain approached just then, and Charlie said earnestly:

"Captain Carletto, you have been very kind to us, even though you are our enemy. Won't you be still more kind and send my cousin home to our people by that English vessel?"

The scowl of disappointment died out of the Spaniard's face as he re-



Dust and splinters flew in every direction and a Spanish sailor was hurled almost at Elsie's feet.

garded Elsie. Then he shook his head.

"No, no," he said smiling, "I cannot, because I am disappointed in my second prize, surrender, therefore, the riches of my first. It is that I believe my gallant crew will arise in a mutiny if I yield to the Briton our little nurse."

"And I don't want to go without Charlie, either," said Elsie with some spirit. "You ought to let us both go—and Grief, too," she added, as the dog at that moment stole up the gangway and stood looking about anxiously, ready to dodge back at the first sound of guns.

But Captain Carletto only laughed and twisted his moustache as they stood watching the schooner that was once drawing away from them. The Ovideo gradually shifted her course more to the southeast, and the schooner was soon hull down on the western horizon. Then the cousins went to the rail and, leaning over, watched her as long as there was a speck against the sky.

"She will be in the land of the free tomorrow," sighed Charlie at length.

"Oh, Charlie, why didn't we ask Captain Carletto to at least let us send a letter to Uncle Frank and Aunt Sarah, so that they might know we were alive."

The boy started.

"That's so," he said, "I didn't think of that. I don't suppose he'd have let us, though. Anyway, it's too late now."

The rest of the day passed quietly. The cousins were in full health and the weather was fine. In spite of their position they could not feel depressed. The crew treated them with great difference and they dined at the captain's table. Grief entirely recovered his spirits and was very happy romping with the sailors, with whom he soon made friends. The vessel had been a passenger steamer and at night the cousins were assigned to a pretty suite of staterooms. Grief slept on a rug by Charlie's bed, and the boy slum-

bered as soundly as if he were safe in his old Eastfield home.

And so ten uneventful days passed. The cousins soon grew to feel at home on the Spanish vessel, and Grief was quite in his glory. Captain Carletto, who prided himself on his English, was fond of talking to his prisoners, but as the days went by and brought him no prizes he grew gloomy and less talkative. The sea seemed to be stripped of vessels, and, though they cruised in every direction, they sighted nothing except a French steamer that one rainy morning ran by them, calling through a megaphone as it passed the news of the great battle in Manila Bay and the glorious victory of Commodore Dewey. Then Captain Carletto and his fellow officers were plunged into the very depths of savage gloom and talked fiercely in Spanish, while the crew scowled at the American cousins, and one of them kicked poor Grief, who was so astonished that he forgot to howl. Of course Charlie and Elsie were secretly delighted, and in their little staterooms that night gave three silent cheers.

Although pursuing steadily no given direction, the Ovideo had been gradually working its way south, and Charlie concluded that this was on account of their coal supply, which they hoped to replenish at some French or Spanish port in the West Indies. The captain was now morose and uncommunicative. He rarely spoke to the cousins and paced the deck or the cabin below nearly all day. Charlie suspected that they were getting near the American squadron, and that there was constant risk of capture for the Ovideo. He told these suspicions to Elsie, and though they endeavored to appear unconcerned their hearts grew buoyant with hope.

CHAPTER VI. UNDER FIRE.

The cousins' hopes were not unmixed with dread. A meeting with an American cruiser would mean battle and bloodshed. Charlie on his own account looked forward to this with keen anticipation. He had all the love of excitement and battle that warms the bosom of every healthy boy and, besides this, in his capacity as ship's surgeon he was eager to demonstrate his skill. But on Elsie's account he was anxious. The little girl was filled with horror at the thought of battle, and had no wish to fill her new position as nurse. So day by day they watched the sea that seemed to grow always a deeper blue until Charlie said he believed somebody had lost a cargo of

(Continued on page 13)



OUR HIKE

When I told father that our Troop of Girl Scouts intended to hike to the Haven, he laughed. He made all kinds of jeering remarks, too. He wanted to know if I wanted him to follow in the rear, so that anyone who became tired could ride in the machine.

I got up earlier than usual and made my sandwiches. We had a picnic dinner and sandwiches fell to my lot. Mother thought I'd be cold, so I wore another sweater under my jersey. We met at Captain Sundberg's home and at ten o'clock we started. Ten of our girls, armed with "eats," life-savers (the candy kind), and cameras set off.

The first mile or so, passed by with nothing of special note happening. At a little school we drank cooling cups of pure well water. It was refreshing, but didn't last long. Soon, we came to the Float-Bridge and crossed Mona Lake, thus covering the first three and one-half miles of our journey. By this time, the glaring sun was well up in the hea-

WANTED!

Contributions for The Scout Scrap Book for June.
Letters—not over 300 words long—entitled "A Garden Experience."

Photographs (must be sharp), or Drawings; "Our Garden."

Verses—not over 24 lines long—on any garden subject. All contributions must be received by May 10th. The best material will appear in the June Garden Number. Address: THE RALLY, Nat'l Hdqts., Girl Scouts, 1 Madison Ave., New York City.

Read above rules carefully. Unavailable material cannot be returned unless stamps are enclosed.

THE SCOUT

vens and I was beginning to wish I had on one sweater less. Our appetites were beginning to make their wants known, so we planned to purchase tomatoes of the farmers. At one farm we got eight perfect ones, but we needed ten. The farmer kindly informed us that at "John's house," the last farm before entering the woods, we could get all we want-

always was brave and she grabbed a club and hurried ahead? Here, she found the foremost scouts doubling up in fits of laughter. Then, those culprits had the nerve to tell us how we acted. After some trouble we became quieted and started on.

Soon the lofty spires of Ferrysburg loomed in the distance. Keeping in an orderly column, we march-

Ready for Orders.
Forget-me-not Troop
of Medina, Ohio.



ed. After partaking of some mineral water, we hurried along toward "John's house." We passed by many patches of ripe tomatoes; but we were relying on that farmer's judgment. Arriving at "John's house," we inquired for tomatoes, but, alas, the chickens had destroyed everyone! We were disappointed, but a Girl Scout is cheerful and we made the best of our misfortune. Walking in single file, through the winding paths of the woods, we came upon the beautiful waters of Black Lake. Not a ripple was to be seen on the surface. Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink!

Proceeding along, we came upon a farm-house and quenched our thirst and succeeded in getting two rather green looking tomatoes. Our lunches had become heavy by this time and our stomachs empty—so we compromised—we ate. And such appetites!

After resting for a half hour, we resumed our journey. Falling into single file I found myself at the rear of the procession, when suddenly a cry rang out, A Snake! Do I like snakes? No, No. Where, oh, where should I hide? What should I do? What was the remedy for snake-bite? How far were we from a telephone? Everything seemed to rush through my mind at once. Well, our Captain

ed through the town. First one and then another would complain about her shoes feeling too small and short. It's funny, I thought sure mine were long enough when I left home. But they didn't feel long now. Some one saw the bridge over the Grand River and we forgot our shoes in our joy. Resting on a log on the bridge we attempted to improve our personal appearance, before entering Grand Haven. Not much can be done with a small mirror, but we told each other we were alright and if one thinks so, that's half the problem. When we entered the city proper, it was four o'clock, and we immediately besieged an ice cream parlor. We then resolved to take in the sights, which by the way, are few and far between. Tiring of this, we were content to board an interurban for home.

I was tired, my nose was terribly sun-burnt, my eyes were full of dust, the ends of my toes hurt, and oh, dear, those two blisters on my heels. But I was so happy!

Mattie Rowe,
Muskegon, Mich.

We are looking for a contribution from you! Read the rules in the left hand corner of this page, then send us something.

SCRAP BOOK

ARE YOU A GIRL SCOUT?

(Tune: *Are You From Heaven?*)

Are you a Girl Scout?
On honor bright?
If you're a Girl Scout,
Then you're all right.
Are you a sister,
All good and true?
If you are, if you are,
Three cheers for you.
I love the freedom of the scout life,
Its works are pleasures,
Free from all strife;
Oh, be a Girl Scout,
Oh, join today,
For every Girl Scout
Is all O. K.!

MARY EARLE FEDDEMAN,
Centreville, Md.

THISTLE TROOP,
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Here's a report that is well worth examining. Thistle Troop is to be congratulated:

*Report for Year Ending December
31, 1918.*

Income from Dues	\$467.46
Incidentals	124.86
<hr/>		
Total Income	\$591.82
Total Expense	485.86
<hr/>		
Balance	\$107.96
In Co-operative Bank	100.00
In Treasurer's Hands	7.96
<hr/>		
		\$107.96

Thistle Troop has 28 First Class Scouts, 53 Second Class Scouts, 21 Tenderfoot Scouts, 38 Brownie Scouts, 2 Eagle Scouts and 2 Girls in United States Navy.

Three Bronze Medals were awarded for sale of Liberty Bonds, and one Life-saving Medal was awarded.

The Troop won a \$10 prize for W. S. S. during November and December (sold), and a Red Ribbon for Infantry Drill at Boston in April.

At next presentation of badges and medals there will be given 48 Medals for War Service; 9 Blue Ribbons for War Service; 8 Red Ribbons for War Service; 9 Red, White and Blue Ribbons for War Service.

Canning and Labor Replacement.

651 qts. Vegetables, Fruit and Pickles

540 Hrs. Exemption Board

255 Hrs. War Chest

45 Doz. Eggs preserved in Water-glass

335 Hrs. War Gardens	
657 Hrs. Surgical Dressings	
War Saving Stamps and Thrift Stamps sold by Troop	\$2,088.00
Liberty Bonds sold by the Troop	5,450.00
War Saving Stamps owned by members of Troops	1,030.00
Liberty Bonds owned by members of the Troop	3,661.00
<i>Knitting and Sewing for Red Cross and Other Societies.</i>	
61 Sweaters	
17 Ear Protectors	
26 Wristers	
22 Scarfs	
8 Bandages	
2 Doz. Handkerchiefs	
55 Pr. Socks	
3 Thumbless Mitts	
40 Belgium Squares	
3 Helmets	
16 Wash Cloths	
24 Petticoats	
45 Jackets	
61 Pr. Bootees	

E. H. R., Captain.

The Sheep-shank knot. Read the letter above from these Cambridge scouts.



A LESSON IN KNOTS

We are scouts of the Poppy Troop No. 7 of Cambridge, and hearing that you wanted pictures for THE RALLY we sent this picture of ourselves learning to tie the sheep-shank knot.

There are nearly three hundred Girl Scouts in Cambridge and the only girl who has won the war badge with the red, white and blue ribbon is Erica Watson of our troop.

We think ours is the best troop in Cambridge. We wouldn't drop out for the world.

We hope you like the picture.

ELEANOR NOBLE,
JANE, NOBLE,
Cambridge, Mass.



WASHINGTON SCOUTING NEWS

Edited by Edna M. Colman—Director

215 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

READERS OF THE RALLY:

Be sure to get your subscription in, in time for the next issue, which is to be the "Rally" number with all of the names of medal winners and proficiency awards.

Headquarters has just received a complete and lovely Model Layette for French babies through the interest of Mrs. E. C. Moen of 337 West 70th Street, New York. A number of troops have already planned to make layettes to send to France through Mrs. Moen, who has also sent a complete set of patterns.

TROOP NINE

(To the tune of *Smiles*)

TROOP NINE, now I know

Just what makes me love you so,
Just what makes me work and study
That Your fame may grow.

Miss Bache, it is thee

Who leads us to Victory;
For we follow where you lead us,
Miss Bache, we love thee!

(Chorus)

There's a troop that is so happy,
There's a troop steadfast and true.
There's a troop that always does its
duty,

No matter what it has to do.

There's a troop that has a dandy
captain,

I am sure you'll all agree she's
fine.

For Miss Bache is the guiding spirit
Of the TROOP that is known as
NINE.

Takoma Gang of Troop Nine.



Four hundred Girl Scouts marched in the "Welcome Home" Parade of February 27th.

"My dear Mrs. Colman:

"Will you tell the Girl Scouts who had the great kindness to send us those many delightful little hand-made pillows, how very deeply we appreciate their gift?

"It is the thoughts and care of others which mean more to our boys than we can often realize—and in their name, I want to thank you and your Girl Scouts for your thought and kindness.

"Believe me,

"Most sincerely yours,
"ANNE W. LANE."

Soldiers' Convalescent Home,
801 Fern Place, Washington, D. C.

(Troop 8—Daffodil, Mrs. Von Huhn, Capt., made 24 Comfort Pillows, which were turned over to Mrs. Lane.)

We now have a regular Red Cross Instructor, a graduate nurse assigned to Scout troops. This affords a great opportunity for troops in outlying sections to prepare for their First Class and Home Nurse, Child Nurse and Ambulance badges. Register at Headquarters if your troop desires to take this course.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

(An Appeal For the Red Cross)

Behind our ambulances in which our soldiers lie,
Come men, to fight for freedom's rights—or die;
Come, come and join, one and all,
Before our country has to call.

Save up your money, give it a fighting chance,
Think of our soldiers who are far away in France;
Send the food and money to them over there,
Yes, do not waste it, for it's needed everywhere.

Liberty Bonds will get us there,
And you can buy them everywhere;
Come, patriots, let's show the boys we've sent,
That we stand united behind our President.

AMELIA MEIROWITZ, Corporal.

Just a few days after writing the above, Corporal Meirowitz answered the "Last Call." Her sudden death of pneumonia on March 14th, has cast a gloom over her troop and left a lasting gap in the ranks of Washington scouts.

EDITOR.



Making Belgian Garments. Mrs. Herbert C. Hoover provided material and made frequent trips to inspect the work of this class.



More Letters from Commissioners and Executive Board Members.

The features of Girl Scout work which appeal to me are:

First: The opportunity for mental discipline, which accompanies every phase of the work.

Second: The opportunity for physical training and physical development, which comes with the out-door activities.

Third: The satisfaction and pleasure, which comes with the knowledge of duties well and cheerfully performed and the feeling that the work accomplished leads to the definite and desirable opportunities and achievements which come in later years.

ELLENORA M. RAINY.
(MRS. HENRY T. RAINY).

One of the best things that Scouting does for Girls, it seems to me, is that it develops a sense of responsibility to one's country and to others. There are so many things that girls can do which she fails to see unless her interest and attention has been roused.

Scouting helps girls to see and to meet opportunities for usefulness and helpfulness. In addition to this it develops a girl's interest in nature and outdoors—birds, trees, flowers.

This is such a source of development as well as pleasure to the individual that too much emphasis cannot be laid upon it.

Outdoor activities such as walking, swimming and camping teach all sorts of useful things which most of the women of today have grown up without.

H. R. SCUDER.
(MRS. W. M. SCUDER).

The Girl Scout Organization gives its members thorough training in many practical arts, disciplines them thoroughly and at the same time teaches them the highest ideals for the cultivation of their minds and bodies for their daily lives and for their conduct towards their neighbors. All this is done in such an attractive form and through such natural methods that its members love their lessons.

EDITH TUCKERMAN.
(MRS. WALTER A. TUCKERMAN).

To the extent that the Girl Scout training and program preserves and develops the lovable, unselfish, sympathetic qualities of the true American girl—to that extent will the movement and all that it stands for in physical, mental, social and citizenship training gain the support and enthusiastic approval and admiration of parents and friends throughout the land. Frankness adorned with modesty—sweetness of manner and speech tempered with truth and firmness will anchor our movement deep down in the hearts of all, and make the American girl the ideal sister, sweetheart and companion in all the walks of life.

MRS. COLIN H. LIVINGSTONE.

Scouting should teach girls to be self dependent, reliable in their associations with others and stable in their conduct.

Above all it should make character, that girls may live by principle and not to drift hither and thither, in thought and action by every suggestion gathered from passersby.

MARY HANNAH JOHNSON CLAXTON.
(MRS. PHILANDER P. CLAXTON).

The value of the Girl Scout Movement to the growing girlhood of this country has already been so wisely and enthusiastically described in these columns that I find it difficult to add anything further.

It would certainly seem that at this time of great social unrest nothing could be of greater importance than that our girls should be given every help and encouragement in training themselves to be physically strong and capable and mentally alert and well balanced.

The Girl Scout Teaching of kindness, fair play and initiative combined with much useful knowledge cannot fail to create everywhere that the organization exists a group of clear thinking conscientious women who will become leaders in their community and who will exert an ever-increasing influence which will help to safeguard the best interests of the whole country.

HENRIETTA BATES BROOKE.
(MRS. FREDERICK H. BROOKE).

Scouting draws both rich and poor girls together into a great organization which supplies an interesting system of training for citizenship. There are many movements on foot now to interest and educate little girls, but none have as successful a method of instruction; for Scouting encourages all healthful work and play and most branches of practical knowledge, as well as teaching every girl that she is only a part of one great whole.

CATHERINE HARLOW WILKINSON.
(MRS. THEO. STARK WILKINSON).

Other Washington items appear on page 3.
All communications for this Department should be addressed to Mrs. Colman. (see heading on other page.)



SCRIBES' CORNER—HOME SCOUT NEWS

GREENPORT, L. I.

Goldenrod Troop No. 1 was organized in April, 1918, with 16 girls and three officers. Since organizing we have had regular weekly meetings except for a few weeks during the influenza epidemic and two weeks for summer vacation.

The following are a few of the things we ave done: we marched in public send-offs, sold tickets, sold Thrift stamps, and rented sofa pillows at a Chataqua. We decorated autos to carry people to a Red Cross garden fete and acted as guides. We worked at Red Cross rooms making comfort bags, supplies, and refugee work. We furnished an outfit for Belgium babies.

We sold Liberty Bonds during the Third drive. We gave a Flag Drill in church and helped with the Christmas music. We pledged and sent in \$100 for the War Work Fund.

We bought a troop flag, also, 18 small flags for drilling.

The President of the village presented our troop with a large American flag.

We entertained the Camp Fire Girls and Boy Scouts and are going to give Troop No. 2 of Girl Scouts, which has just organized, a reception.

We enjoy "THE RALLY" and find many helpful suggestions in the reports from other troops.

S. C. H., *Secretary.*

CALHOUN, GEORGIA.

The Pansy Troop Girl Scouts of Calhoun, Ga., passed their second birthday, January 8, 1919.

Although we have had camps, hikes, swimming parties, picnics, and other good times, we most certainly do not play all the time. The girls of our troop made ambulance pillows, knitted wristlets, made quilts, rolled bandages, made refugee garments, and did other Red Cross work. We bought a Liberty Bond, War Saving Stamps, and contributed to the Red Cross.

We are looking forward to our third camping trip this summer. Our first camp was at Catoosa Springs, which is very near Fort Oglethorpe. The thing we enjoyed most on this camp was a trip to Fort Oglethorpe and Chattanooga. About the time for our second camp a Liberty Loan drive was on and we felt that we *must* buy a Bond even if we gave up

our camp; then came the War Stamps and Red Cross drive, so it was just one week before school opened that we started in cars for Nance's Spring, the site of our second camp. At Nance's Spring we pitched our camp consisting of two tents, one the cook's tent, presided over by "Aunt Mag," and the other filled with cots for the girls. Here we spent a most delightful week. We went in swimming and on hikes in the day time, and sat 'round the camp fire and played games and told stories at night.

J. McD.



Troop 1. Northumberland, Pa. The letter above tells about the work of these scouts.

SAGINAW, S. W., MICHIGAN.

The Girl Scouts of Oak Troop No. 1, Saginaw, are collecting books to send to soldiers in convalescent camps. We are also sending toys, doll clothes, scrap-books and the like to the children's hospital at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

We entertained the Boy Scouts of Troop No. 2, and the Girl Scouts of Troop No. 2, all enjoying the event. We played competing games after which refreshments were served. All troops present were organized at the Baptist Church.

C. F. O., *Scribe.*

ELDRED, ILLINOIS

Last fall about nine of the Girl Scouts of Troop 4, Eldred, went out with the intention of gathering fruit for making jellies, preserves and other delicacies to take to the County Fair. We went after school and took our supper. We were fortunate enough to find grapes, crab apples and a great many red haws.

Later we carried our plans out and made jellies, etc., and sent them to the Fair. We realized about \$15.00 from premiums on this fruit. This money we put in the bank.

D. D.

NORTHUMBERLAND, PA.

The Northumberland Girl Scouts were organized in the summer of 1918. Since becoming scouts we have had many pleasant times, and as scouts have tried to do our part in many ways.

Our first hike was taken to Lithia Springs, about two and a half miles from town. We left home at 8:30 in the morning and were gone the entire day. When we returned we were tired, but happy.

Sometime later an appeal was sent out by the Y. M. C. A. for magazines to be used on the troop trains. Our troop answered the call by collecting several hundred magazines.

Realizing the needs and demands of the Red Cross we held a festival, the proceeds of which were turned over to that organization, \$137 was realized.

When so many of our citizens were stricken with the influenza, we were not idle. Three groups of scouts were detailed every day to carry nourishment to those families in which there was no one to prepare the meals.

In November we solicited thread for the Red Cross. The public responded very generously to us. The women in charge of the sewing department were very much pleased with our efforts.

W. R.

NEW YORK.

Troop 17 of the Bronx, Miss Grace Rutherford, Captain, has hit upon a very comforting troop good-turn. They have kept the children's ward of the Fordham Hospital supplied with plenty of cream and fruit. They regret that they could not entertain the children as well, but it was impossible on account of the diphtheria quarantine.

Troop 4 is helping at the Abby House, the Bronx Day Nursery. Every afternoon some of the scouts amuse the children with games and stories. They are planning when the weather is warmer, to take the older ones for walks, and to see the many places of interest in the Bronx. They expect to hold a painting bee some Saturday, and repaint all the chairs in Abby House. Miss May Mahoney, acting with Miss Furbeck, is the Captain.

M. S.

S-AND SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



THE time has certainly come for THE RALLY to have a regular department for international scout news. We were first convinced of this by the warm reception given our Allied Number in January. Scouts seemed delighted to hear of the work being done in England by the Girl Guides, in France by Les Eclaireuses and in Russia and Roumania by the scouts there. It really is extraordinary isn't it, to think of scouts—although they are not always called by that name—being organized in all these other countries to do the same sort of things we do here? Wouldn't you like to find news of these girls in other countries in THE RALLY every month? We believe you would, and so we are starting this new department. You can help us, too, if you will, by sending in to THE RALLY every bit of overseas scout news that comes to you. If you receive an interesting letter from an English Guide, let us see it; we will publish it so that other scouts can share the news. If you see a newspaper item about scout work in other countries, cut it out and send it in. We are looking for all the good material we can get.

Not only are we interested in our sister organizations on the other side of the Atlantic, but they are interested in us, too. Here are two letters that have come to THE RALLY in the last month. We are printing the names and addresses of the writers in full, so that those of you who wish to can answer the appeals directly.

From an English Girl Guide:

"I should like very much to correspond with some of the Girl Scouts in New York, but I don't know exactly how to get the addresses, so I am writing to ask you if you would be so kind as to send me about four or five names and addresses of some of the Girl Scouts who would like to write to Girl Guides in England.

"I am a Patrol Leader in the 1st Marlborough Company, and several of our girls are awfully keen on writing to the American Girl Scouts.

"Hoping to hear from you soon,
I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"PHYLLIS J. SPICER,

"100 High Street,

"Marlborough, Wilts, England."

From a French Scout Captain:
(translated)

" . . . and I would ask you to put us in touch with the Girl Scouts in America. It is six months since a section of scouts was formed here, and it is these little girls who charge me with their prayers and good wishes.

(MADAME) GERMAINE BLOU-
QUIER DE CLARET,
"Cheftaine des eclaireuses,
"Anduze, France."

**FRENCH SCOUTS HONOR
MRS. WILSON**

Here is a bit of French news from a letter received from Miss Dorothy Arnold, Girl Scout Commissioner in Albany, N. Y., who is now working in France:

" . . . The Girl Scouts of France presented Mrs. Wilson with a basket of roses on her arrival in Paris, and although I did not see them marching in the parade afterwards, I am sure they must have been there as I saw some Boy Scout troops. The only Girl Scout I saw was a large and pretty one, running down the Avenue du Bois, between two lines of soldiers, with the basket of flowers. Mrs. Wilson had the roses in her carriage during the procession.

"The Girl Scout uniform here is a long cape of khaki, coming to the bottom of the skirt, instead of a coat. I imagine the blouse is about the same as ours."

A LETTER FROM IRELAND

The following letter was received by Miss Eleanor Fisher, of the Western High School Girl Scouts, Baltimore, Md., from Miss May Calhoun, captain of a troop of Brownies (junior Scouts), and of a troop of guides (as Scouts are called in Europe) in Londonderry, Ireland.

Such an example of enthusiasm, energy and accomplishment as is recounted in this interesting letter cannot fail to inspire Scouts in this country to "carry on" to greater accomplishments:

Alt au Righ, Northland Road,
Londonderry,

January 2, 1919.

"I have been three and a half years at guide work now and love every minute of it. The reason I am writing is because you are a keen

guide (perhaps you are called Scouts?) and I am sure you would like to know what an Irish troop is like.

"My Brownie, or guide feeder troop, is really the most interesting. Up until this year the two youngest were 4 years old, but this year I have two little twins of 3. It is really marvelous what these little kiddies can do. They all must hem their own ties for their first examination. The size of the thimbles they produce is what really amuses me. There they sit, about 30 of them, from 3 to 11 years of age (of course, the latter seem very very grown up beside the babies), hemming away at their ties and talking in baby language. Before I go any farther I would like to explain that the girls I work with are, in the majority, the poorest girls in the town; in fact, some of the little ones come to me at first with shoes about three or four sizes too big for them and very often with the soles flapping. Each child pays me a 1° or 2° (in your money 2 or 4 cents) a week, just as they can afford it. Then we probably have a small concert or flower sale, run entirely by the Brownies themselves, and with the money thus made, usually about \$16, I buy them their uniforms, which consist of brown frock, with knicker to match; brown tamo'shanter, brown shoes and socks and tie (green) of company colors. When they are all turned out in uniform I don't think you could possibly wish for a nicer lot of little children, rich or poor. I am awfully proud of my little ones. After the first few days they never have to be reproved for dirty hands or faces, and if you could see some of the homes they come from you would understand what this means.

"Last April, my Brownies, with those of another troop, gave a joint entertainment in the town hall in aid of the Red Cross. There were 50 of them altogether and everyone of those kiddies had either a father, uncle or brother serving either at home or in France; many of them lost their fathers on July 1, 1916, when our own Derry Regiment was practically wiped out. The first part of the program was a display of physical dress, jumping, etc. One child jumped almost her own height, three feet five inches. In the second part of the program the children danced, sang and formed living flags—the one we found most difficult to do with

(Continued on page 14)



CAMPING DAYS ARE COMING!

This picture, taken from "The Golden Eaglet," shows how Scouts of Central Valley presented Fannie the Cook with the Thanks Badge. From the cool freshness of the

morning wash, through the hikes, drills, games, down to the camp-fire supper hour, "The Golden Eaglet" moving picture shows camp life.

Have you a Girl Scout camp? Do you want one? Why not show the Girl Scout moving picture to the people in your town.

NEWS from MANHATTAN

TROOP 50.

During the month of February, 1919, Troop 50 gave a Valentine Party and invited the Boy Scouts of Troop 748. Everybody had a good time. Twelve girls also took the second class test.

ANNA DURBIN,
Troop Reporter.

TROOP 39—LENOX HILL SETTLEMENT.

We have an enrollment of almost a hundred girls. About thirty-two have made their own suits. In December they gave a patriotic entertainment and cleared \$24.00 to go towards their hats. We are planning an exhibition drill to be given some time in March.

Thirty-six of the scouts signed their Victory pledges to try to earn and give a certain amount before March 1st towards the United War Work drive.

REBECCA MCKNIGHT,
Troop Captain and Reporter.

TROOP 81.

The Girl Scouts of Troop 81 at 138 East 19th Street are giving a play the latter part of March called "Six Cups of Chocolate," to raise their Victory money which they pledged to give "Uncle Sam."

MABEL KESSLER,
Troop Reporter.

TROOP 30—CHRISTODORO HOUSE.

"Service" is our watchword. Every member is a "Victory Girl," and all have contributed to the Red Cross and other war organizations. We have not stood still when Uncle Sam called for money. If we could not all buy Liberty Bonds we solicited sales.

After the thought of serving our country, we serve our community, even if we have to give up our own pleasures. On December 25th, we gave a little Christmas Party for 35 girls between the ages of 7 and 11, who would not otherwise have had this opportunity.

We are also serving ourselves by being faithful to the Scout Laws. While on a hike on February 12th, 1919, in honor of the immortal patriot, Abraham Lincoln, we spent an enjoyable day in the Spuyten Duyvil Section of New York, trying to distinguish the different trees by their barks. We thought it would be very interesting to follow up this nature study, and see how we can distinguish these trees by their leaves when spring comes with her magic music.

It is impossible to express in a few words what this Scout Organization has done for us. We have become better young women in the home, the office and the social world.

ESTHER M. DOBROVNER,
Troop Reporter.

TUNE UP!

"Sing a Song of Girl Scouts"—that's what we all want to do. More than ever, now when camps and summer hikes and parties are coming with all sorts of excuses for getting together and singing.

Don't you want some brand new songs for this brand new season?

Let National Headquarters help you out. We are able to furnish copies of the song "On the Trail," specially written for Girl Scouts by Mabel Daniels—sheet music with piano accompaniment 60 cents; pocket-size cards with words and air, only 3 cents each.

Besides this we have some more reprints of those jolly Girl Scout songs for popular tunes, which first appeared in the February RALLY. Each sheet contains words for 5 songs. The charge is 4 cents each, or 3 cents when ten or more copies are ordered at a time.

Tune up! Write to National Headquarters for these songs.

GIRL SCOUTS PRIZE SONG *ON THE TRAIL*

The Girl Scouts Marching Song. For Medium Voice. Price, 60c.*

By Mabel W. Daniels

A vivacious spirited song, which recently won the Girl Scout Song Competition and is adopted as their official song. The chorus can be sung in harmony with original effect.

Also published as a piano solo, price, 60 cents;* and for band, price, 50 cents. Word cards, 10 copies or more 2 cents each postpaid; \$2.00 per hundred.

**Usual Sheet Music Discount*

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
178-179 Tremont St. Boston

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.
8-10-12 East 34th St. New York City

Order Of Your Local Dealer



Said the youngsters of Lakewood, N. J.
"Just watch us make war gardens pay.
We'll go over the top
With a smashing big crop.
For this is not work—this is play."
Copyright Nat'l War Garden Commission.

OUT WITH THE TIDE

(Continued from page 5)

indigo in those waters. The weather, too, was becoming tropical, and it was evident that they were far to the south. The lack of prizes and the news of the Manila disaster had made Captain Carletto so glum and savage looking that neither Charlie nor Elsie wished to ask him any questions. They could therefore only watch and wait.

It was on the morning of May 21, when they had been just three weeks on the Ovideo, that the spell was at last broken. Charlie was awakened at daybreak by the dog Grief, who was barking furiously at his bedside. Springing up hastily, and listening, he heard the sound of hasty movements on the deck above and sharp orders. Throwing on his clothes, he ran to Elsie's door and knocked.

"Elsie! Elsie!" he called, "something's up! You'd better dress right away. I'm going on deck."

"Oh, Charlie, is it a battle?" came the anxious reply.

"I don't know. I'll go up and be right down and tell you. Here, you Grief, stay here. You'll have a fit if a gun goes off."

Perhaps Grief understood, for he hobbled over to one corner, and did not attempt to follow. The boy hastened up the gangway, and in another moment was in a whirl of excitement. The engines of the privateer were sending her through the water like a whirlwind, while two miles astern, clearly outlined against the morning sky, and in hot pursuit, there was another great vessel—a ship of war, flying the American flag.

Charlie's heart gave a great bound. At last there was to be action. That the Ovideo was trying to escape showed that her captain knew their pursuer to be a superior vessel. That she was clearing for action showed that she did not intend to surrender without a struggle. The vessels were both close enough now for battle, but both had thus far withheld their fire. The boy could not tell whether his country's vessel was gaining on them or not. He concluded that daylight must have found the two vessels about the same distance apart which they had since maintained. The race would be a close one unless one or the other was disabled by a shot. Captain Carletto, to whom anything seemed better than inaction, was almost in a good humor, and giving orders in an eager, quick voice.

"Ah!" he said, as his eye fell on Charlie, "it is that we shall perhaps need you after all. It is of a good ship that you countrymen are possessed, but we have one of greater

speed. She does not fire, for she thinks to capture us alive. Ha! ha! we but linger to display to her our excellence of guns. It is that my men have need of action and practice—ah! and the taste of blood."

Charlie bowed as he answered:

"I suppose I need those things, too, Senor, but my cousin dreads them. It will be unpleasant for her."

"Si—si—the senorita—go below and assure her that she shall be protected."

But at that moment Elsie appeared at the top of the stairway. Her cheeks were flushed with the excitement of hasty dressing, and her loose hair rippled out in the fresh morning breeze. Without speaking Charlie stepped forward and pointed away to where the black smoke and starry banner streamed bravely against the sky. The girl gave a faint cry of joy and alarm. Almost at the same instant there was a puff of smoke from the pursuing vessel, succeeded by a roar that seemed to follow the shot which screamed across their bows. Charlie caught Elsie's arm.

"Go down stairs!" he cried. "You must not"—But the rest of the sentence was lost in the frightful roar of the Spanish gun that now belched forth reply. Elsie shrank back, but did not falter.

"No, no, I want to stay," she pleaded. "I am not much afraid, and I would die down stairs alone." But at that instant a second shot from the American came crashing into the stem of the Ovideo. Dust and splinters flew in every direction, and a Spanish sailor was hurled almost at Elsie's feet. He groaned, and Elsie saw that his face was covered with blood. She screamed, and Captain Carletto approached hastily.

"It is that you shall both go below," he commanded. "We have a need of your services there."

Charlie took Elsie's arm and they descended together. The boy hurried his cousin to their staterooms, where Grief, who had heard the shots, was howling dismally. As Elsie came in he ran to her and tried to lick her face.

"Oh, Grief," she cried, "we are of no account. All we can do is to make a fuss and wait to be killed."

"There will be plenty to do presently," said Charlie. "As fast as I can get the wounded dressed you must take care of them. Don't mind the noise and the groans. You are a nurse now, and this is war."

A deafening roar from above emphasized Charlie's statement. The boy felt his blood tingle and dance with the fever of battle, and he longed to rush on deck, where he

could be in its midst. But with it all came likewise the joy of his profession and the enthusiasm of action. Some sailors were bringing the wounded man down stairs, and Charlie turned to follow them to a deck far below the water-line that had been arranged for his use.

"Come, Elsie," he said, "your department is below, too, and it is very dangerous here."

Elsie and Grief both followed him, and none too soon, for a moment later a solid shot came crashing through the little cabin they had just deserted.

Grief, with a wild howl, tumbled after the sailors down the dark stairway, and the boy and girl wasted no time in following. It was getting too hot to be cooped up in a cabin that was above the water-line where the danger was almost as great as on the upper deck, and yet where nothing could be seen. Down two flights more was the surgeon's room, and also the ship's hospital. This lower deck was well lighted by electricity, and everything was clean and ship-shape. Elsie went into the hospital room forward, while the others carried the injured man into the surgeon's room aft. One of the sailors remained to assist Charlie, and the others hurried on deck.

The roar of guns was almost continuous, but the sound was considerably deadened to those below. Grief crouched close to Elsie, looking up at her now and then and whining.

Charlie in his room was very busy. The man's face had been lacerated by a splinter that had stunned him and left a painful and an ugly wound. The boy had scarcely dressed this patient's injuries when two more were brought down. One had been struck in the shoulder and the other in the breast, both by pieces of the same shell. Charlie saw instantly that the latter was dying. A moment later Captain Carletto himself followed, with his wrist bandaged.

"It is that those devils of Yankees can shoot!" he said grimly, holding his arm.

Charlie stripped off the bandage, and found that the blood was flowing rapidly. He hastily twisted a tourniquet above the wound, and washing away the blood, wrapped the wrist in bandages soaked with witch hazel. The captain then hurried away, and the boy turned to his other patients. One of them was already dead. The other he worked at busily, assisted by the Spanish sailor who had been assigned to him on account of being able to speak a little English. Charlie's second patient was far more seriously wounded than the first. His shoulder was

(Continued on page 16)

A LETTER FROM IRELAND

(Continued from page 11)

only 50 children was your flag—the Stars and Stripes; but we managed it somehow, and they all sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" with gusto.

"Later on, in spring, we had a competition between all the troops in the town, of which there are seven, for a Brownie challenge cup. We came in third, but we were only two marks behind the leading troops, so I don't think we were disgraced. However, this year we mean to come out on top.

"We had all our camping arrangements made, but as you have probably read in the papers our country was not at all in a settled state, and, although I am sure we would have been all right, our commissioner thought it too risky to attempt to camp out. Now I think I have told you enough about my Brownies.

"When they become 11 years old they come up into my Girl Guide Troop. It is not usual for a captain to be captain of both Guides and Brownies, but, owing to the war, all the young girls are away doing V. A. D. or other war work. I could not leave home, as my father died the first year of the war, my three brothers were in France, my eldest sister working for the Russians in London, my second sister married and my youngest sister still in England at school. So you see that as much as I, too, wanted to be away doing V. A. D. work I could not leave mother all alone at home, so I had to be content with staying at home and working in the War Hospital Supply Depot, where I am head of the papier mache splint department, and with doing guide work.

"To continue about my guides. They are nearly all working girls; they work in the shirt factories all day until 6 o'clock, and then they come to me at 8 o'clock, twice and sometimes three evenings in the week. On Saturday, their half holiday, we go herb gathering from 2:30 until 5:00 in winter and about 7:00 in summer. As you know, guides do not accept payments for any work done as a guide, so that any money made from herb gathering all goes to the Red Cross. It takes such a long time to make £1 (or \$5) out of herbs, as they are not weighed until dried out, and although we may bring in five large sackfuls of herbs, we are only given about 50 cents for them.

"When the guides are at work all day it would be rather hard lines if we made them work in the evenings

as well, so we combine work and pleasure, about 20 minutes of really hard work for examinations, 30 minutes drill and physical exercises, and after drilling we have games, reading aloud and very often dancing and small competitions, such as guess work, rats and rabbits (one of our army games) and finish up always with the national anthem. Every night the girls are marked for attendance, punctuality, neatness and behavior, and whichever patrol wins the most marks wins the patrol cup, which is held for a month. Then at the end of the year whichever patrol has had the cup the most times keeps it altogether.

"When the Brownies competed for a challenge cup the guides competed for a challenge shield and won it with full marks and five marks ahead of the next troop. I was awfully pleased about it, as the girls had worked so hard. To celebrate the occasion I gave them all a big tea party and we went on to a picture show afterward. At the tea party my girls gave me such a nice walking stick, also a portfolio of songs, and I can tell you I appreciate them very much.

"The camp of the girl guides in 1917 was a very jolly affair. Ten miles the other side of Ture (the United States Naval Air Station) is the small town of Moville, on Tough Foyle, which in pre-war days was a port of call for American liners. About 1½ miles (you must remember that Irish miles are half as long again as English miles) farther on is a place called Drumawair Hotel, right at the water's edge. On the sea-shore is a very large boathouse, with a concrete floor, and about 10 yards inland and on top of a mound is an annex to the hotel. This bungalow has four rooms, two double and two single. I had the single rooms, one for my bedroom and one for my office. The lieutenants had the other two rooms. The guides slept on stretcher beds in the boathouse. We had all our cooking done at the hotel for us and the guides had only to carry it to the mess tent, a large marquee tent, pitched beside our bungalow.

We had two small serving tables, a long table for the guides and a small one for the officers. The guides took turns to do all the serving and waiting. Our day began 7:30, with 10 minutes' hair drill. At 8 o'clock we had the hoisting and saluting of the Union Jack, at 8:15 prayers, then breakfast. Up until 10 o'clock the guides washed up, made beds and left the place tidy for the day. At 10 o'clock we went for a walk, or if too hot lay in the sand. At 12 o'clock those who cared to went

swimming. Twenty minutes is quite long enough in the water at this side of the world, so by 1 o'clock we were all ready for dinner, which seemed to disappear like lightning. After dinner we cut sandwiches and got our things ready for a long walk with tea out.

Sometimes we would walk right to Innishowen Head, five miles away. It is a most glorious place, this headland, right on the Atlantic, and on a clear day Scotland is plainly visible. I may mention that it was some miles out from this headland that the U-boats used to lie in wait for ships going from England to America. There we would get up on the top of the head and lie among the heather and take our tea, getting back to camp about 7 o'clock, in time for evening prayers and supper. I and my lieutenant usually dined in the hotel at 7:30 P. M., so that the girls were free after their supper until 10 o'clock or a little later, when it took a great deal of persuasion to get them to bed.

"It was most amusing one night about 12 o'clock. I was awakened by a great deal of laughing, so I slipped on my kimona and went down to the boathouse, where I found the girls acting Cinderella around a solitary candle. They were all dressed up in the most wonderful variety of costumes it is possible to imagine. The prince was a treat—a mixture of bathing suits, pajamas, towels and a wonderful cloak made out of a bed cover—the whole effect was most fetching. Some mornings we went to the Chief Coast Guard for signalling, both Morse and semaphore, and very often we would call up the ships when they came in to coal. We were in camp 10 days and it cost the girls only 8s. 1d. (\$2) for the whole thing, including their tickets on the boat."

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

You'll be interested to hear, I know, that we were organizing troops at the American House—the only one of its kind in the country—for the purpose of helping to bring, through Scouting, American habits and ideals to the children of foreign parents. The Lieutenants of these troops are two of my Second Class scouts who live in that neighborhood, High School girls who are ready to give back what has been theirs the last two years.

Our University here is giving us every assistance possible. Their latest is to allow us the use of the Woman's Pool at the University every Saturday morning for swimming lessons for Second Class scouts wanting to qualify for First Class. You should see the place, every facility and a fine teacher!

M. B. A., Local Director.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Believing that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, three thousand Philadelphia Girl Scouts started a campaign yesterday against disease by following simple health rules that are anti-tuberculosis.

The slogan for the crusade is "clean hands and faces." Every Girl Scout troop in the city is enlisted in the campaign. Literature on the subject of good health has been sent to every scout in the city from Headquarters, with a pledge card which the scout signs and returns to headquarters. This card, when signed, pledges the scout to wash her face and hands several times daily; to abstain from biting her nails and chewing lead pencils. Also it is a guarantee that she will take ten deep breaths of fresh air daily, play outdoors or in a room with windows open, for thirty minutes; brush her teeth twice daily and get ten hours sleep out of the twenty-four.

The campaign will continue until May 23. On the expiration of that time, a badge will be awarded to each scout who has kept 75 per cent. of the rules of the crusade for two weeks. The work is run in conjunction with the "National Tournament in Health Knighthood," fostered by organization working to prevent the spread of tuberculosis. The scouts may become pages, squires, knights and knight baronets in the tournament, according to the fidelity with which they apply themselves to carrying out their pledges in the present campaign.



THE HOE IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD AND PEN

Copyright Nat'l War Garden Commission.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Just to say a few words about Troop 1 in Indianapolis. We gave a picture show, a scout film being one of the features. The profits were \$90 of which we received half, \$45, which was immediately turned over to the Red Cross.

This fall we had a paper sale and earned \$10.02, which was put in the troop treasury.

In the Third Liberty Loan we sold about \$6,000 worth of Bonds and two of our girls received medals on this occasion.

Our troop was the first to organize in Indianapolis and on the whole I think we are keeping up our good reputation.

M. Z., Troop Reporter.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

The Girl Scout office in New Brunswick is designed to serve two purposes, that of an office and a club room for the children where they may read scout literature, play quiet games, and arrange to meet friends or family, there being no suitable meeting place in the city.

The three senior patrols of Troop 2 gave an entertainment and sale on Washington's birthday and cleared \$50, the money is to be divided equally between the girls. These patrols wish to go into uniform at the same time so the girls are now working and saving.

C. N., Field Captain.

To GIRL SCOUTS

In Washington and Suburbs
Who are doing more than their bit.

We congratulate you! And, as Official Outfitters to Girl Scouts in the District, we invite you to come and inspect our showing of Scout uniforms and other equipment.

The Hecht Co.

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WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE TUNE?

In the February RALLY there appeared a page of Girl Scout songs to be sung to familiar tunes. These have proved so popular, that THE RALLY is planning another such page for one of its summer numbers. Now the question is: if you had your choice what tunes would you select for these songs?

We want every troop in the country to send in a list of its *three favorite tunes*. Those that get the most votes will have words written for them. *Do not repeat any of the tunes that were used in February.* If you have not already a copy of these first jolly songs send for one now. The sheets containing five songs are 4 cents each, or 3 cents if ordered in quantities of ten or more at a time. They are just the thing to sing at any kind of a scout party. Get your troop together; decide on three popular or well-known tunes, then send your list in to THE RALLY, Nat'l Hdqts., Girl Scouts, 1 Madison Ave., New York City.

CAPE MAY, N. J.

We are planning a minstrel show, which we hope will clear enough to buy the parts of our uniforms, etc.

We had a rummage sale a few weeks ago, which cleared us \$40.00, but this money had to be spent almost immediately for we have rented a lodge room for one evening a week, and this must be paid for in advance. We have every convenience: fire, lights, large room, and player piano, for which we pay extra.

We have invested in a basketball and the girls are learning to play. The War Camp Community Service man has promised us the use of the convention hall for Saturday afternoons and this place has a large floor with the baskets and all. We are very fortunate.

If our minstrel shows turns out all right, we are going to repeat it at the Army Hospital, if they would like us to.

Mrs. D. W. P., Captain.

GARDEN TIME.

The time has come, The Girl Scouts said,

To talk of garden scenes;

Of radishes and lettuce, too,

Of peas, and corn, and beans,

And even flowers, here and there,

Among the tender greens!

Don't forget, you gardeners, to send us some good material for our June Garden Number! Pictures, verses, stories, we're looking for them all. See the "wanted" sign in The Scout Scrap Book, page 6.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

Pittsburgh.—Miss Laura Holland has spent the entire month of February in Pittsburgh. Her work has been so successful that the Local Council, which she has assisted in organizing, has asked to have her visit extended for another month. Scout work has been extended through libraries, playgrounds, schools, settlements, and churches. A Local Council of representative women, Mrs. Edward Stieren, Commissioner, is actively at work. Plans are being formed for extending the work through Alleghany County. The County Superintendent of Schools wants Miss Holland to organize a Girl Scout troop in every school of the eighty townships under his supervision.

Brooklyn.—During the first weeks in February, Mrs. A. J. Mundy continued her work in Brooklyn, completing plans for a leader's training class, and interesting more people in the organization of a Council.

Providence.—At the request of the Providence Local Director, Mrs. Mundy went to Providence to hold a training class for leaders. Forty young women took the course, which proved very successful. A Leader's Association was organized. Troops have been started in many communities through the State of Rhode Island. Of the Providence Local Council which is backing all this work, Mrs. Mundy writes, "The Council here is a wonder. The members are in the work with a whole-hearted interest that is refreshing to see."

New Brunswick.—The work in New Brunswick has been completed with the exception of the Leader's Training Classes, which Miss Cora Nelson is conducting each week. As the Local Director will spend part of her time visiting troops, arrangements have been made for some of the Girl Scouts to take over the office work in her absence, under the supervision of a committee of Council members.

OUT WITH THE TIDE

(Continued from page 13) crushed, and the young surgeon could not tell how bad his injuries really were. He feared that an amputation would be necessary, and he wished that Elsie, who was so quick and intuitive, could be there to assist him. Once he even went to the room forward to call her. She could not hear his approach for the roar of guns, and did not see him. She was sitting by the couch of the first patient, fanning him as quietly as if she were in some quiet and safe hospital on shore. Charlie turned back without calling her. He found a fourth patient awaiting him—the big, swarthy fellow that had once kicked Grief—his leg shot off at the knee.

"H'm!" thought Charlie. "He won't kick any more dogs with that leg." Then all at once the boy began to tremble with a fear that he would not be able to perform his duty well. He had wanted action and practice, but he had not counted on so many at once nor upon such difficult cases. He had read, of course, of the terrible mangling of battle, but this brought him face to face with the fact.

"If only father were here," he thought.

Suddenly he noticed that the roar of guns overhead had ceased. What was it? Were the guns silenced? Were they conquered? Were they sinking? His assistant stopped and listened, too. Then there was a sound of footsteps on the stair, and sailors came down, bringing still another patient. Charlie's assistant spoke to them excitedly in Spanish. Then they all marched heavily and gloomily up the gangway, leaving Charlie alone with his patients and the dead man. Something had happened—he knew not what. All firing had ceased. What should he do? He ran to the forward room.

"Elsie! Elsie!" he called. "The firing has stopped. Run up and see what has happened. I must stay here with these poor fellows!"

(To be continued)

The May RALLY will be a--

Camping Number

Do you want to go camping this summer? Let the RALLY help you out. There will be ideas for everything, from the all day hike, through the week-end party, to a whole summers camp. Picture, too-- lots of them!

Then there will be a NEW STORY!--a "thriller"--with Indians-- and Fire--and Ghosts! Ssh!

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Third Encampment—May 24th to June 14th.

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Students may enroll for one, two or three weeks in each encampment.

\$13.00 Weekly; payable, \$2.00 on application, balance on arrival or at the beginning of each week. Transportation from Plymouth and return \$1.00.

Send for Circular.

Address all correspondence to National Training School Girl Scout Headquarters, 607 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Note:—This will be the only National Training School for Girl Scout Officers opened this year, as it was found impractical to start the others proposed before 1920.

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